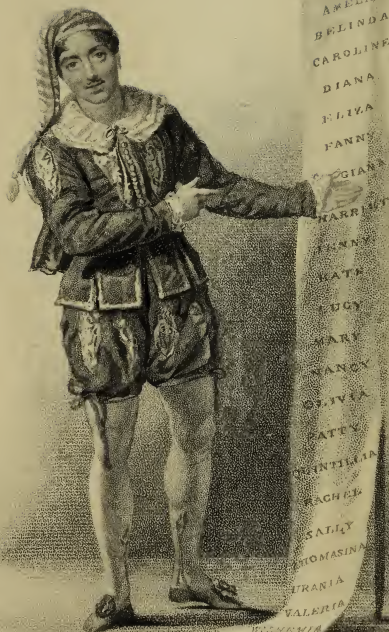


782.6

D544 d.

1829

Dibden (3)  
Don Giovanni



MR FITZWILLIAM as LEFORELLO.

# DON GIOVANNI;

OR, A SPECTRE ON HORSEBACK :

A COMIC, HEROIC, OPERATIC, TRAGIC, PANTOMIMIC, BURLETTA-  
SPECTACULAR-EXTRAVAGANZA,

In Two Acts,

BY THOMAS DIBDIN, ESQ.,

*Author of The Cabinet, The Heart of Mid-Lothian, The Jew and the Doctor,  
Suil Dhuv the Coiner, Ivanhoe, The Man and the Marquis, The English  
Fleet, Humphrey Clinker, Paul Jones, The Russian Boy, The Two  
Gregories, The Fate of Calais, Valentine and Orson, &c.*

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PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—  
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE  
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. FITZWILLIAM,  
IN THE CHARACTER OF LEPORELLO.

Engraved on Steel by MR. WOOLNOTH, from an original Drawing  
by MR. WAGEMAN.

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LONDON :

DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,  
BETWEEN ST. PAUL'S AND UPPER THAMES STREET.



782.6  
D544d  
1829

## REMARKS.

### Don Giovanni.

THERE is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous—they are, indeed, next-door neighbours; and, if we pass the threshold of the one, we are sure to light on that of the other. Of the *sublime*, it is not our intention to treat: having no ambition to hold our farthing candle to the sun of Longinus or Burke. On the *ridiculous*, we may, peradventure, hazard a few words; it being a subject better suited to our vocation, and more immediately in connection with the *extravaganza* before us. As, according to the old adage, it requires a wise man to enact the fool, the *ridiculous* can only be happily hit off by a lively and eccentric genius, whose quaint phrases are in attendance on his humorous conceits; whose burlesque painting and caricature illustrations can extract from the gravest subjects the most hearty mirth, and force even the *sublime* to laugh at its own figure, when tricked out in the cap and bells and party-coloured vestments of that mad wag, the *Ridiculous*! Could Milton have read *The Splendid Shilling* (one of the most exquisite parodies in any language), he had surely illustrated his own description of *laugher*, and held both his sides; while the most devoted admirers of the sublime simplicity of the Grecian, and the polished elegance of the Mantuan Bard, will roar—yea, heartily, at the queer transformations that mortals and immortals are doomed to undergo in certain comical gallimaufries bearing the titles of their respective names. Even our admiration of Shakspeare has not prevented us from indulging, now and then, in a ludicrous parody; and the nearer the passage approached the *sublime*, the easier was the transition to the *ridiculous*.

The story of Don Juan has undergone a variety of adaptations, from the time of Molière to that of Tom Dibdin. It was not, however, by his own choice, that Molière wrote upon this subject. The Italians, who borrowed it from the Spanish, had brought it upon their stage, in France, with vast success. A villain, odious for his crimes—the miracle of a moving and speaking statue—the extravagant exhibition of the infernal regions, with the Don's being carried to Lucifer's dominions by a troop of dramatic devils, did not disgust the vulgar; who, in emulation of their *bettors*, are ever awake to wonders and impossibilities.

In 1660, Villers, a comedian of the *Hotel de Burgoyne*, acted it in *verse*, and Molière performed it in *prose*, in 1665. His company, who had set him upon this work, were sufficiently punished for their bad choice, by the little success it met with; which might be occasioned, perhaps, either by the prejudices which then reigned against comedies in five acts, written in prose, being stronger than the spirit of whim, which had drawn the public in crowds to the *Italians*, and to the *Hotel de Burgoyne*; or else, by being offended with some hazardous passages in it, which the author prudently suppressed on the second night of its performance.

A company, which formed in 1673, out of that of *Maraise*, and

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that, of the *Palais-Royal*, acted Molière's "Feast of the Statue," which Thomas Corneille had turned into verse, at the *Hotel de Guénégaud*, in 1677, under which form it drew a prodigious concourse of spectators. The production of *Don Giovanni*, for the first time in this country, in April, 1817, must be in the recollection of every one. A higher dramatic treat never commanded the applause of an audience, than when *Ambrogetti* (the prince of Spanish libertines), *Naldi*, *Angrisani*, and Madame Fodor, appeared in the *Don*, *Leporello*, *Masetto*, and *Zerlina*, at the King's Theatre, in this far-famed Opera of Mozart.

The *Don*, having experienced a brilliant reception from the *polite* world, was received with equal enthusiasm by the more vociferous and less refined; whose demonstrations of delight were expressed in that endless variety of harmonious sounds in which John Bull is wont to indulge, when anything (to use his own peculiar phrase), *comes bang up to the mark*, in his worshipful estimation. It became, however, necessary to invest the *Don* with certain *national* qualities that peep beneath his Spanish cloak and doublet, like the *curling-irons* out of the fashionably cut pocket of honest Tom King, ere it could be relished by an audience purely *English*. *Leporello* is also made partaker of his master's quality; and the whole of the *dramatis personæ* have their due portion of that *Tom-and-Jerry* slang, in which the *Corinthians* of the present day more than rival the *Mohocks* of the past. Mr. Dibdin's extravaganza is a burlesque on the Italian Opera of *Don Giovanni*; and a laughable one it is. The lines terminate in doggerel verse; the songs are ludicrous parodies; and the music consists of a *melange* of well-known popular airs. The *statue-scene* has some excellent fun in it. By those who have seen the *Italian* opera, it will be relished as a burlesque equal to *Liston's Octavian*, or *Quick's Richard*. The statue's annunciation respecting "*rabbits and onions*," was the very climax of hocus-pocus drollery—to say nothing of 'ts *threats* to *Don Giovanni*, and its *directions* to *Leporello*. This piece may boast of a run equal to any of its illustrious predecessors. It has been performed, with undiminished applause, at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the English Opera, and every provincial theatre in the kingdom.


Mr. Fitzwilliam is the original *Leporello*; and he maintains his credit above all his successors. He played the part with a straightforward bustling humour, and sang the songs with taste and sweetness. This actor deserves to be more frequently before the public—hence the utility of the *minor drama*, which encourages talent that might otherwise be lost, in the absurd and expensive *monopoly* of established buffoons. An actor *shelved* loses confidence in himself and favour with the public. These *angel visits*, few and far between, damp his energies, and tell him that the audience can dispense with his services. But a fellow that makes us laugh every night becomes essential to us—we cannot do without him.

➡ D—G.

## MEMOIR OF MR. FITZWILLIAM.

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THIS comedian is, we believe, a native of Ireland, and commenced his theatrical career under the management of Mr. Trotter, at Southend. He then accompanied Mr. Elliston to Birmingham, and when the latter gentleman became proprietor of the Surrey Theatre, Mr. Fitzwilliam was retained as one of the company, and made his first appearance as *Humphrey Grizzle*, in Prince Hoare's whimsical farce of *Three and the Deuce*. He afterwards followed Mr. Elliston to the *Olympic*, where he sustained a variety of characters with success. He again returned to the Surrey, under the management of Mr. Dibdin, and rendered himself particularly popular in *Leporello*, in the extravaganza of Don Giovanni. His first appearance at Drury Lane was on the 10th of November, 1821, in the character of *O'Rourke O'Daisey*, in *Hit or Miss*. Mr. Fitzwilliam is married to that interesting actress, Miss Copeland, who at this time is the leading star at the Surrey Theatre.

 D—G.

# Costume.

**DON GIOVANNI.**—Rich Spanish dress—scarlet cloak—handsome sword—velvet hat and feathers.

**DON GUZMAN.**—Damask robe-de-chambre, over a close waistcoat and pantaloons—slippers.

**DON OCTAVIO.**—*First dress* : Handsome velvet Spanish dress, with silk puffs.—*Second dress* : An imitation of stone, with a mask.

**LEPORELLO.**—Red dress à la scaramouch, with white puffs—short cloak with point.

**BRIDEGROOM.**—White dancing-dress as a peasant—light blue puffs—white cockade and a bouquet.

**BRIDEGROOM'S FATHER.**—Gray fly—close waistcoat—pantaloons—white cockade.

**BRIDEGROOM'S BROTHER.**—Light blue waistcoat—trunks—white fly—white cockade.

**GONDOLIERI.**—Thames waterman's jacket and badge.

**SUONATORI.**—Dominos over Spanish close dresses.

**PESCATORI.**—Fisherman's jacket—large boots.

**CONTADINI.**—Peasants' dancing dresses.

**SERVITORI.**—Spanish liveries.

**CAVALIERI.**—Handsome Spanish dresses.

**SBIRRI.**—Black gowns, over plain Spanish doublets and hose.

**DIAVOLI.**—Fiends' dresses of black and scarlet—gilt masks.

**DONNA ANNA.**—Rich Spanish dress of velvet, with silk puffs.

**BRIDE.**—White muslin, trimmed with ribbons of the same colour—white favour at the bosom, and a bouquet.

**CONTADINA.**—Same as the bride.

**BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHER.**—Old woman's Spanish dress.

**LOBSTERETTA AND SHRIMPERINA.**—Fishwomen's costumes.

## Cast of the Characters.

	<i>Surrey, 1817.</i>	<i>Drury Lane, 1829.</i>
<i>Don Giovanni</i> - - -	Mr. Short.	Miss Love.
<i>Don Guzman, and Ghost of himself</i> }	Mr. O. Smith.	Mr. Bedford.
<i>Don Octavio</i> - - -	Mr. Leonard.	Mr. Bland.
<i>Leporello</i> - - -	Mr. Fitzwilliam.	Mr. Harley.
<i>Bridegroom</i> - - -	Mr. Kirby.	Mr. Robinson.
<i>Bridegroom's Father</i> - -	Mr. Howell.	Mr. Browne.
<i>Bridegroom's Brother</i> - -	Master Dore.	Master Baker.
<i>Donna Anna</i> - - -	Mrs. Brooks.	Miss A. Tree.
<i>Bride</i> - - -	Miss Tranter.	Miss Russell.
<i>Contadina</i> - - -	Miss Simpson.	Miss Weston.
<i>Bridegroom's Mother</i> - -	Mr. Yarnold.	Mr. Bartlett.
<i>Lobsteretta</i> - - -	Miss Digiano.	Mrs. C. Jones.
<i>Shrimperina</i> - - -	Miss Bence.	Mrs. Orger.

*Gondolieri, Suonatori, Pescatori, Contadini, Servitori, Cavalieri, Sbirri, Diavoli, and Gentilini.*

The Marble Horse by a real Pony.



# DON GIOVANNI.

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## ACT I.

### GRAND OVERTURE.—MOZART.

SCENE I.—*Seville, a Street before Don Guzman's House, L.*

*Enter DON GIOVANNI, R. S. E.*

DUET.—AIR, “*Pretty Tawny Moor.*”

Gio. Mark !  
No one can espy,  
Nobody is nigh ;  
While here on tiptoe we are stalking round.—  
And hark !

*Enter LEPORELLO, R. S. E., with a ladder, and a lighted lantern at the end of a long pole.*

Lep. It's nobody but I.

Gio. Don't hold your light so high.  
And mind your eye.

Lep. Halloo ! halloo !  
Where's the minstrels, with their gay  
Guitars a clinking, clinking ?  
You ! halloo !

Quickly to your job ! come, come away.

DUET, TRIO, QUARTETTO, and CHORUS.

AIR.—“*Good Morning to your Nightcap.*”

Gio. 'Hip ! call the serenaders.

*Enter Serenaders, R. U. E.*

Lep Thy're here, sir, at your pleasure:  
Begin, you catgut traders,  
Some sentimental measure.

*Gio.* A lady fair we come to court ;  
*Lep.* Then strike up, Nosey ? that's your sort !  
 And let us bid her, quick as thought,  
 Good morning to your nightcap !  
*Cho.* A lady fair, &c.

*Gio.* Dear Lady Anne, you, no doubt,  
 Are thinking of your deary ;  
*Lep.* The candle having blow'd out,  
 And daddy rather peery.  
*Gio.* Another youth you mean to wed,  
 But, ere you quit your downy bed,  
 By break of day,  
 I came to say,  
 Good morning to your nightcap !  
*Cho.* Another youth, &c.

DONNA ANNA, *from Window, L.*—" *Irish Air.*"

Good people, of sleep you most cruelly hinder  
 A damsel, who'd fain rest to-night, if she can ;  
 Then take this five shillings, and go from my window,  
 Or, if I don't make you, my name isn't Ann.

GLEE.—DON GIOVANNI, *and Chorus.*

Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me,  
 And leave your promis'd love-sick loon ?  
 I'll treat you with the finest tea  
 At breakfast, and the afternoon.

DONNA ANNA.—AIR, "*Young Roger came tapping.*"

If here you stay, tapping beneath my window,  
 Thumpity, thumpity, thump,—  
 From above, I'll throw something on your heads below,  
 Shall come plumpaty, plumpaty, plump !

DON GIOVANNI.—AIR, "*Blow high, blow low.*"—*Places the ladder at Donna Anna's window.*

I'll brave all dangers, scorn all fears,—  
 So up I come, my girl—who cares ?

[*Mounts the ladder.*]

AIR.—"*The Fields were green.*"

For, spite of all that you can say,  
 I mean to bear you hence away.

[*Goes in at window—Short Symphony, and noise within.*]

LEPORELLO and Chorus.—*Pantomime Tune from Don Juan.*"

Hark! how he trips up-stairs, pit-a-pat!

I, by this time, can guess what he's at.—

Who knows what mischiefs these frolics may hatch?

Now the old gentleman found him out,

He'll clap us all in the round-about:

Let us be off, ere they call for the watch!

Cho. If the old gentleman's found him, &c.

MUSIC.—*Don Giovanni rushes out at door, L., followed by Donna Anna, who clings to him, and follows him round the stage.*

DONNA ANNA—"Old Air."

Psha! psha! what does it signify?

Hiding your face in your cloak won't deceive me—

You'll ne'er trick such a girl as I,

And my papa I shall call up, believe me.

[Exit into house, L.]

Enter DON GUZMAN, with a light, from house, L.

March in Don Juan.

Don G. What saucy varlet dare my house assail?

In the watch-house he this night shall pass.

Gio. It was only the effect of some Burton ale

Made me woo this lovely lass.

Donna A. March away, ere the day

Shall your tricks display.

Don G. [Drawing his sword.] Ay, march! or your sentence view.

Gio. March yourself, ere yet

This toledo may le'

The daylight into you,

AIR.—"Jacky return'd from Dover."

With my tierce and carte, sa, sa!

Don G. Which I return so smart, ha, ha!

Gio. I think, before we part—

Don G. [Having received a thrust.] Oh, la!

I fear I shall be done over,

With my tierce and carte, sa, sa!

Gio. Which I return so smart, ha, ha! [Kills him.]

Why, then, I'd best depart.

Don G. Oh, la!

Gio. And go by the mail to Dover.

[Exit, R.; Don Guzman blows out his candle, and dies, L. C.]

*Enter DON OCTAVIO and Servants, with torches, from house, L.*

*Pantomime Air, from "Don Juan."*

*Don O.* Run, run, run

Quickly for a surgeon!

Call watch, constable—raise the hue and cry!

What's to be done?

Why the devil don't you stir, John!

This way, that way, everybody fly! [*Exeunt Servants.*]

*Re-enter DONNA ANNA, from house, L., who kneels by her father.*

*DONNA ANNA.—Irish Air.*

*Donna A.* And oh, he is gone! what has fortune been at?

*Don O.* And that bully's gone, too.

*Donna A.* Faith! I'm sorry for that.

*Don G.* [*Rising.*] Now, I can't say I am—had he tarried, my dear,

But one moment longer, I'd not ha' been here.

*Donna A.* }  
 & } Dear me, didn't he kill you, pa?

*Don O.* }  
*Don G.* Don't you see?—full of holes as a sieve,  
 I had been, but I duck'd like a man.

*Donna A.* }  
 & } That was silly

*Don O.* }  
*Don G.* Psha!

Don't you know every thing's willing to live.

*RECITATIVE.—DON GUZMAN, suddenly rising.*

He would have kill'd me, but I live to trounce him;

Quick to the public office and denounce him,

While of his fright I mean to make the most:

This very night before him shall my ghost

Appear on horseback—

*Don O.* Horseback!

*Donna A.* Horseback!

*Don G.* Quick, away!

A horse! a horse! Come, son-in-law, we stay

Too long—come, daughter. [*Exit into house, L.*]

*Donna A.* Now I think on't, no—

I will have my plot—yes—for let him go

To the world's end, I'll follow—he shall know

What 'tis in ladies' chambers to intrude ;  
And what it is to——

*Don. O.* Was the villain rude ?

*Donna A.* What's that to you ?—Yes, let him go and court  
As many as he will, I'll spoil his sport.

*Don O.* But when are we to wed ?

*Donna A.* Wed !

*Don O.* Do not scoff—

You said you lov'd.

*Donna A.* I did ; but that's put off

Till I'm revenged, and dearly he shall rue it—

*Don O.* He ! who ?

*Donna A.* Don't stay to ask, but come and see me do it,

DUET *from Mozart.*—DON OCTAVIO and DONNA ANNA.

*Don O.* You gave your word to marry,—

Ah, why my hopes delay ?

How can I longer tarry

Another tedious day ?

*Donna A.* When once we're wed, I fear ye,

To rule will be your plan,

And now 'tis mine, my deary,

While yet I fairly can.

*Don O.* Pray cease this needless vexing.

*Donna A.* Base men are so perplexing.

*Don O.* Hear an impatient lover.

*Donna A.* The time will soon be over.

*Don O.* You gave your word to marry, &c.

[*Ereunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street—still dark.*

*Enter DON GIOVANNI, followed by LEPORELLO, L.*

RECITATIVE.

*Gio.* Leporello !

*Lep.* Here, here, signor ! what's to do ?

*Gio.* You heard us fight—one's dead, I fear.

*Lep.* Dead ! true—

Is it the other gentleman, or you ?

*Gio.* Fool ! Oh, how nobly did I make my way !

*Lep.* 'Twas altogether noble, I must say.—

You broke into the house—alarmed the fair,—

And kill'd her dad, because he cried, " who's  
there ?"

*Gio.* We must be off, or, ere the morning's light  
Surprise us——

*Lep.* Pray, sir, why not go to-night?

*Gio.* Such a delightful girl!

*Lep.* The devil! Well,  
Sir, if you stay, they'll hang you.

*Gio.* Who can tell,  
But, gain'd by bribes, they'll so good-natured be,  
As tuck you up, my lad, instead of me.

*Lep.* Hush! here's a lady!

*Enter DONNA ANNA, R.*

*Gio.* Beautiful! Stand by,—  
She seems unhappy—keep you back—I'll try  
To give her consolation.

*Lep.* [*Retiring.*] They do say,  
He thus consoles a dozen every day.

*Gio.* [*Going to Donna Anna.*] Madam, these charms——

*Donna A.* Thou mountain of deceit!

How dare you thus my father's daughter meet?

*Gio.* Indeed, my love, I'd rather that in me  
You saw your daughter's father.

*Donna A.* I do see—a monster!

*Lep.* [*Apart.*] Yes, she knows her company.

*Gio.* Leporello!

*Lep.* Signior!

*Gio.* Pray amuse her, I have——

*Lep.* [*Apart.*] Yes—I see—you've other fish to fry.

*Gio.* Madam, this worthy gentleman—you know  
How to convince the lady.

*Lep.* Can't you go  
And leave me to—[*Exit Don Giovanni, R.*] he's  
gone!

*Donna A.* Then he's a bear!

*Lep.* Madam, I see you know him to a hair;  
But do not fret—'tis thus he always treats  
Every maid, wife, and widow, that he meets:  
Behold this list; [*Showing an immense alphabetical  
list of female names.*] 'tis covered with the  
names

Of all his present, past, and future flames:  
He never passes village, farm, or town,  
But, if the girls are pretty, here he has 'em  
down.

*Donna A.* Bless us! a long account.

*Lep.* Yes, that we know.  
 Only attend, and I shall quickly show  
 One for each letter in the Criss-cross row.

AIR.—LEPORELLO.—*Saunderson.*

Amelia, Belinda, and sweet Caroline,  
 Diana, Eliza, and Fanny,  
 By turns have been his, and, if they had been mine,  
 I had ne'er thought 'em one too many !  
 Georgiana, and Harriet, and Jenny, and Kate,  
 With Lucy, and Mary, and Nancy,  
 Some girls of fifteen, some old maids out of date,  
 Have alternately tickled his fancy,  
 With their Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta,  
 Eps'lon, Geta, Eta, Theta,  
 Fol de riddle rol.

Olivia and Pat, with Quintilia so gay,  
 Rachel, Sally, and fair Thomasina,  
 Urina, Valeria, alike found the way  
 To his heart, with the kind Whilhelmina ;  
 Then Xantippe, don't let your anger thus burn,  
 Though love disappointed inspire ye,  
 Like Yolante, contentedly pray take your turn,  
 And make way for the lovely Zamira,  
 With her Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, &c. &c.  
 Fol de riddle rol.

Thus my alphabet doth go,  
 With pretty names all of a row,  
 Of

Amy, Bella, Cary,  
 Di, Eliza, Fanny,  
 Georgy, Harry, Jenny,  
 Kitty, Lucy, Mary,

Nanny, Olly, Patty,  
 Quinny, Rachel, Sally,  
 Thoma, Ury, Vally,

Xanty, Yoly, Zammy,  
 With their Alpha, Beta, &c. &c.  
 Fol de riddle rol dido.

RECITATIVE.

*Donna A.* Well, sir, you may persuade me all you can,  
 But, if I marry, he shall be the man.

*Lep.* And pray, good lady, what sort of a life  
Think you to lead with him, were you his wife?  
*Donna A.* Frolic and fashion—tell me what he'll do,  
And how I'll match him, I'll entrust to you.

DUET.—LEPORELLO and DONNA ANNA.—“*Morgianna in Ireland.*”

*Lep.* Morning's dawn would cheerily blush,  
Ere from revels he came home again,  
Fired with wine and woman——

*Donna A.* Hush!  
I'd soon teach him how to roam again.

*Lep.* Girls so merrily, smart and gay—

*Donna A.* Captains bold, and colonels clever, too,

*Lep.* Dice-box rattling night and day—

*Donna A.* I could hold the box for ever, too;

*Lep.* Port and sherry,

*Donna A.* Always merry,

*Lep.* He the sparkling glass would quaff about.

Goblets filling,

*Donna A.* Waltz, quadrilling,

Cooing, billing,

I'd not leave him much to laugh about,

Fal, lal, lal, lal!

*Lep.* He's a devil in human shape!

*Donna A.* So am I, he'd find, no doubt of it.

*Lep.* Always in some terrible scrape;

*Donna A.* I, perhaps, could help him out of it.

*Lep.* Courting ev'ry lass he sees—

*Donna A.* I'd make forward husseys get along.

*Lep.* Kicking up a nightly breeze—

*Donna A.* I'd quickly chase the saucy set away.

*Lep.* Port and sherry,

Always merry, &c.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

### SCENE III.—*Blackfriars' Bridge.*

GONDOLIERI discovered plying—PESCATORI leaning over  
the bridge—LOBSTERETTA and SHRIMPERINA discovered, R.

AIR—“*Jolly Young Waterman.*”

*Gen.* Come, who's for a row with the jolly young water-  
men,

Who at Blackfriars' Bridge cheerily ply?



*Enter DON GIOVANNI, in a pucker, L.*

*Gio.* Come quickly, a skull for an hour and a quarter, man,

Safe must convey me to where I would fly.

*Lob.* He looks so smart,

And has such wit with him.

*Gio.* Lud, what an eye, too,

Looking so sly, too.

*Lob.* Bless my heart,

The wench is bit with him.

*Gio.* She's so genteel, too,

Brisk as an eel, too,—

Ay, ay, you young rogue, I perceive you are there,

And I'd gladly stay here, to talk nonsense, I swear,

But I'm hotly pursued, and it's more than I dare.

*Gon.* Your honour, the tide never waits for a fare.

[*Exit Don Giovanni and Waterman, R. U. E.*]

*Enter LEPORELLO, with Don Giovanni's Portmanteau, L.*

*AIR continued.*

*Lep.* [*To Fishwoman.*] And did not you see a gay gentleman call a boat?

*Lob.* Yes, and a very smart fellow he was,—

Look there! [*Pointing to the river.*]

*Lep.* Well, I'm sorry he's taken so small a boat,—

If the sail is put up, they'll upset us, that's poz.

*Shr.* Buy some shrimps,

To eat as you row along.

*Lep.* No, miss, I thank ye,—

No, miss, I thank ye.

*Lob.* Good Mrs. Crimps,

I wish you'd go along.

*Shr.* No, ma'am, I thank ye,—

No, ma'am, I thank ye.

*Lep.* I've no time to lose, so I wish you good by.

[*Exit, R. U. E.*]

*Lob.* It's no sort of use, ma'am, where you are, to ply.

*Shr.* And for you, there's no hanging a rag out to dry.

*Enter DON OCTAVIO, Watchmen, and Constables, L.*

*AIR*—"I was you that kiss'd the Pretty Girl."

*Catch.* Did you, sir, or you, sir,

Or yonder man in blue, sir,

See any body take a wherry? Tell me true.

*Gon.* Yes, I, sir, and I, sir,  
Did happen here to ply, sir ;  
And saw a gemman hire a boat, which you there  
view.

*Oct. &c.* 'Tis vain, I maintain, sir,  
In such a shower of rain, sir, [Rain heard.  
The rogue we came in search of any longer to  
pursue.

*Gon.* Oars, sir.

*Oct. &c.* It pours, sir !  
Hark, how the thunder roars, sir ! [Thunder.  
And I've got no umbrella,—lud, what shall I do ?

*All.* Zooks, what a pelter !  
Let's run away for shelter—  
This weather is enough to wet a body through.

[All run off at different entrances—MUSIC.—A boat with  
profile figures in miniature is seen struggling against a  
rough tide—a thunderbolt falls—the boat upsets—waves  
run high, and Don Giovanni comes up the steps, half  
drowned, R. U. E.

DON GIOVANNI.—AIR, "Poor Tom."

Then farewell, thou faithless wherry ?  
Sure 'tis lucky I'm on shore ;  
When inclin'd to cross the ferry,  
Never will I trust thee more ;  
But to future storms a stranger,  
Cross a little down below,  
Where secure from ev'ry danger,  
I can o'er the Strand Bridge go.

[He grows fatigued, staggers, and falls, R.

Enter LOBSTERETTA and SHRIMPERINA, L., who gently raise  
him.

TRIO—The Russian Dance.

*Lob.* Raise him up, raise him up,—he fell out of yonder  
boat.

*Shr.* Get a sup in a cup, and pour it down his throat.

*Lob.* When he finds we took the trouble thus to keep  
his life afloat,

*Shr.* We shall either get a guinea, or a one-pound note.

*Lob.* Pray you go just below,—there's a little whisky-  
shop.

*Shr.* You can tell very well where to get a little drop.

- Lob.* Ma'am, in vain to send me hence  
You would set your wits afloat,  
That you may either get the guinea,  
Or the one-pound note.
- Shr.* Ma'am, &c.  
[*Don Giovanni recovers, looks at them alternately, and sings.*
- Gio.* Who, and why, where am I?  
And why thus upon the ground?
- Lob.* If you please, sir, you be's  
A gentleman that's drown'd!
- Gio.* 'Tis too plain in my brain,—  
Still our boat the current stems.
- Shr.* That's a hum—for you come  
From the bottom of the Thames.
- Gio.* And he that wouldn't leave it, to meet a petti-  
coat,  
Don't deserve to have a guinea, or a one-  
pound note.

## AIR—DON GIOVANNI.

- How happy could I be with either,  
Were t'other dear charmer away.
- Lob.* If my husband should see us together,  
Im sure I don't know what he'd say.  
[*All dancing the hay.*  
Fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, &c.

RECITATIVE.—*Lobsteretta, offering a flask.*

- Drink, sir, you're very wet—why won't you  
try?
- Gio.* Because I never drink but when I'm dry.  
Yet I must thank you, you're so very civil—  
A kiss—
- Both.* Oh, sir!
- Lob.* My husband!
- Gio.* Oh, the devil!

*Enter GONDOLIERI, L.*

- Gon.* My missus with a man! what is't I view?  
Who are you, sir?
- Gio.* Sir, I am—who are you?

AIR—GONDOLIERI.—*Dibdin.*

- Gon.* My name, d'ye see's, Tom Tough—I've seen a  
little service,  
*Ashore, abroad, on land and sea, above, below*  
*Gio.* Then be so kind, my hearty, as just go and  
call a jarvis,  
If there's one upon the stand,—you'll sing out,  
yo heave yo.

## RECITATIVE.

- Gon.* I shan't.  
*Lob.* Vy von't you?  
*Gon.* Vy, because I von't.  
*Gio.* [*Drawing a pistol.*]  
Then five to four I wing you.  
*Gon.* Vell, you don't,  
For vat you like.  
*Gio.* Well, three to one I try : [*Fires.*]  
I think that bet is done.  
*Gon.* And so am I. [*Tumbles off, L.*  
*Shr.* Why, what the dickens is the fellow at !  
*Lob.* You've kill'd my husband.  
*Gio.* Well, my pretty Pat,  
I'll help you to a better.  
*Shr.* I must, sir, object to that.  
*Lob.* You, madam, and for why ?  
*Shr.* I do—because I do !

*Enter DONNA ANNA, R.*

*And so do I.*

What ! I've discover'd more of your vile tricks—  
Can't less than two at once your fancy fix ?  
Alas ! what wrong this gentle heart endures.  
Who are these ?

- Lob.* Ma'am, that's no affair of your's.

QUARTETTO.—*Medley.*

- Donna A.* Since you're not to be entreated,  
I must force you, miss, to go.  
*Shr.* Madam, don't be too much heated,—  
O'er the bridge our way we know.  
*Gio.* My dear ma'am, how you clack away,  
King George's English hack away ;  
Go, scold again your maid, and with that blade,  
Your sweet Octavio, pack away.

*Donna A.* Go hop, my pretty pet, along,  
And lead your precious set along,  
Or Otty's stick your back shall lick ;  
You saucy monkey, get along.

*All.* My dear ma'am, &c.

*Donna A.* Go hop, &c.

[*Exeunt Donna Anna, R., Don Giovanni and Fishwomen, L.*

*MUSIC.*—*Two Pescatori bring Leporello ashore in a net, take him out, and exeunt, R.—Leporello swims to the bottle left by one of the Fishwomen, drinks, and revives.*

### RECITATIVE.

*Lep.* Am I alive ? My master's ill luck sent  
That squall of wind, while he sat quite content,  
And, in a jiffy, "Overboard he vent !"   
Zooks ! there's the hue and cry close at our backs,  
And there he is—sir ! Signior ! hip ! he lacks  
Common discretion.

*Enter DON GIOVANNI, L.*

*Gio.* Now, sir, why this fuss ?

*Lep.* I think there'd nearly been an end of us ;  
And, sir, unless you think of some disguise,  
We shall—

*Gio.* Change clothes—though not alike in size.  
I'll show you how to act like me.

*Lep.* Eh, what !

Upon my honour, sir, I'd rather not,  
For you'll go up—

*Gio.* Peace, e'er I knock you down—  
Dost think me born to hang ?

*Lep.* You don't seem born to drown !

[*During the above conversation, they change clothes, Leporello having taken his master's from the portmanteau, and put on his hat and feather.*

*Gio.* Here comes a fair one—now, my friend, we'll try  
How she'll receive you, when she thinks 'tis I.

[*He puts his arms through the hanging-sleeves of Leporello's robe, and acts for him, while he sings to some girls, who enter, R.*

### DUET—LEPORELLO and Girls.

*Lep.* Where are you going, my pretty lass !

*Girl.* Going to a wedding—pray, let's pass.

*Lep.* Pretty lass ! pretty lass !

*Girls.* We're going to a wedding—pray let's pass.

*Lep.* Shall I go with you ?

*Girls.*

Yes, if you like :

To please you the bargain thus I strike—

Thus I strike, to please you, &c.

[*Girl boxes his ears—Don Giovanni slips from behind, and runs off with the Girls, L.—COMIC MUSIC—Leporello struts about in his master's dress—seems quite proud—Watchmen, Alguazils, and Constables, suddenly surround him from R.*]

### GRAND MEDLEY CHORUS of Constables.

Speak quick, who art thou, who art thou, who art thou ?

Who sent you here, who art thou ?

*Lep.* My name's Don Giovanni, O,

As good a man as any, O.

*Chorus.* This warrant then view,

For we come to nab you.

*Lep.* Go tell such tales to your granny, O.

*Chorus.* Come, brother, come, we must be gone.

*Lep.* A moment stay—

*Chorus.* We must away :

You have confess'd—'tis now too late.

[*They drag him off.*]

### SCENE IV.—A beautiful Village.

*Enter Bride, Bridegroom, Lads, Lasses, &c., L.*

#### AIR and CHORUS.—Mozart.

*Bride.* Lads and lasses, hasten away,—  
Love and pleasure gladden the day !  
Honestly where you love confess,  
And cease to say no, when your meaning is yes  
Let's be gay on this day,—come away.

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

*Chorus and Dance.* Let's be gay, &c.

*Bridegr.* Come, my boys, and trip it along—  
Life is short, as well as my song :  
Then during the time we together may stay,  
Let's love the lasses, and caper away.  
Let's be gay on this day,—come away,

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

*Chorus and dance.* Let's be gay, &c.

*Bride.* Maidens who fear to be left in the lurch,  
Take your part, haste to the church !

*Bridegr.* Follow your leaders, nor foolishly stay,—  
To Hymen and happiness trip it away.

*Both.* Let's be gay on this day,—come away.

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

*Chorus and Dance.* Let's be gay, &c.

[*Don Giovanni enters, L., and seizes the bride—a hubbub ensues—Leporello enters, pursued by the watch, &c.—takes off his master's cloak, and throws it over the old woman, who is seized, and carried off by the Officers in mistake, R.—Leporello runs off, L., and during the bustle the act-drop falls.*

END OF ACT I.

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Street and Portico of Giovanni's Palace.*

*Enter DON GIOVANNI with the Bride, R.—is conducting her to his house, when DONNA ANNA appears in the background, L., and at a particular moment interposes.*

TRIO.—DON GIOVANNI, BRIDE, and DONNA ANNA.—  
*Storuce.*

*Gio.* By mutual love delighted, this splendid mansion  
see !

In Cupid's bands united, how happy we shall be !

*Enter Ladies, &c., from Don Giovanni's house, L.*

By mutual love delighted,  
Here fortune's fav'rites see—  
In Cupid's bands united,  
How happy they must be !

*Bride.* What can they mean ? 'tis strange, dear me !  
Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for me.

*Don Giovanni and Chorus.*

What a grace, what an air !  
A face so fair !  
Born to command ! The happy fair !

*Donna A.* [*Coming forward.*]

Alas ! behold the silly maid,  
By pride and vanity betrayed—

Her peace of mind is lost, to gain  
A prize she never can obtain.

*Chorus.* Alas! behold, &c.

*Irish Air.*

*Donna A.* [To Don Giovanni.]

And you, you devil in human shape,  
I shall quickly know  
That friends below  
Are all on the watch  
Your worship to catch,

And pay you for all ere to-morrow.

*Gio.* Can you see your love us'd thus, and leave him?

*Donna A.* Come hither, you fool, don't believe him!

It's still so with each elf,

For I've tried it myself,

With a score, as I know, to my sorrow.

*Enter LEPORELLO, in great haste, L.*

**GRAND RECITATIVE**, accompanied.—*Saunderson.*

*Lep.* O master! master! scamper, run, fly, haste!

You hav'nt got a moment's time to waste—

The man's come for his wife, and swears he'll have her

**AIR.**

With four-and-twenty watchmen all in a row!

With lanthorn, rattle,

Such queer cattle,

Fit for battle—

With their short staves, long staves, small caps,

Warrants, constables, headboroughs, and round-house,

Where you'll be put in the black-hole down below!

Till—past two o'clock, and a cloudy morning!

[Grand battle-piece from the Overture to *Lodoiska*—the Women run away at all avenues—a party of Watchmen and Constables enter, and a furious mock combat ensues, between Don Giovanni, Leporello, and Don Giovanni's Servants, on one side, and the Watchmen, &c., on the other—several imitations of broad-sword combats of two, three, and four, take place, till at length Don Giovanni and Leporello are driven off, R.]



SCENE II.—*A Church-Yard—Moonlight—Equestrian Statue on a Pedestal, inscribed “Don Guzman, late Commandant of Seville”—a Wall at the back—on one side, distant cries of “Watch! watch!”—the bustle faintly dying away at a distance.*

DON GIOVANNI jumps over the wall, and comes forward.

RECITATIVE.

Gio. Ha, ha, ha! shout, shout away, my boys!  
 I shall be snug here, spite of all your noise.  
 'Tis now the very witching time of night,  
 And might inspire a school-boy with affright.  
[Awful symphony.  
 The curfew tolls the knell of parting day. [Bell tolls.  
 And what a lovely smell of new-mown hay!

[Pastoral symphony.  
 In such a night as this— [A groan.  
 What's that? what favour next does fate intend us?  
[Another groan.  
 Angels and ministers of grace defend us! [Draws.  
 Who are ye, what's the matter, and whence come ye?

LEPORELLO appears on the wall.

Lep. 'Tis me, and beaten almost to a mummy.

Gio. Is that all?

Lep. All! it's all along wi' you—

What next, I wonder, will your worship do?

Gio. I'll tell you what I have done—'twas just now,  
 While you so bravely stemm'd the Bow-Street row,  
 I met—

Lep. What?

Gio. Such a lovely girl!

Lep. The devil!

Hav'nt you had quite enough?

Gio. So very civil,  
 So kind—

Lep. Indeed!

Gio. Yes, look, upon my life,  
 This is her card—

[Shows it him

Lep. Is it? why, fire and furies, 'tis my wife!

Gio. Your wife? ha, ha!

Lep. Yes, fire and tow! Odds life!

An't the town wide enough, you desp'rate fellow,  
 Without seduc'ng Mrs. Leporello?

*Gio.* Ha, ha, ha! an excellent good joke!

*Statue.* Ha, ha, ha!

[*With sonorous and deliberate enunciation, something like the noise made by a paviour when lifting his rammer.*]

*Gio.* What's that?—was't you that spoke?

*Lep.* No—I'm close here with you, and to my sorrow.

*Gio.* It was an echo—ha, ha!

*Sta.* Ha, ha! [*A tremendous blow on the double-drum heard.*]

The wrong side of your mouth you'll laugh to-morrow.

*Gio.* Shall I?

*Lep.* O Lud! O Lud!

*Sta.* Bold man, be quiet,

This is no place for kicking up a riot. [*Drum again.*]

*Lep.* There! I told you so.

*Gio.* Who fears? go instant see

What that inscription says.

*Lep.* Who? I go? me?

*Gio.* Fly, or—

[*Drawing his sword.*]

*Lep.* Well—ll—ell—I will—'tis written fair,

And—pray do go yourself—look, look, look there.

[*Drum again, and the inscription changes to the following, in letters of fire.*]

GIOVANNI THE CRUEL

KILLED ME IN A DUEL!

*Sta.*

But a rod is in pickle,

His toby to tickle.

[*Drum again.*]

*Lep.* Oho! poor Toby!

*Gio.* Come here, sir! come here!

[*Leporello goes very reluctantly to his master.*]

Hark ye: go and say,

With my best compliments, without delay,

I wish his marble worship to alight,

And come and sup with you and me to-night.

*Lep.* Eat with a marble man upon a horse!

Then I suppose you'll sup at Charing Cross.

I dare not.

*Gio.* Why not, sirrah, what's the matter?

*Lep.* Well, if I must invite old Stony Batter,

I'm sure his teeth can never mine out-chatter,

Nor all he eats will ever make him fatter.

DUET.—AIR, “*True Courage*”—*Dibdin*.

My master desires I'll to supper invite you,—

Such a nice bill of fare you won't see every day :

Here's lobsters, and mackerel, and soles, to delight you;

And them as don't like them, why I pities they—

Here's rabbits with onions, we know how to smother.

*Sta.* For rabbits and onions, I don't care a damn.

[*Drum again.*]

*Lep.* Well, if that dish won't suit you, we'll look for another :

Here's ducks and green peas, and the heart of a lamb. [*Statue nods, to a loud blow on the kettle-drum.*]

*Lep.* Ye gods!

He nods!

*Gio.* Away, you frightened elf.

Well, if you won't believe me, ask yourself.

AIR—DON GIOVANNI.—“*Won't you come to the Bower.*”

Will you come in an hour,

A broil'd bone to devour?

I'll get as good wine, too, as is in my power—

Won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you, come in an hour?

[*Statue shakes his head.*]

Nay, 'tis Liberty Hall, you shall do as you will ;

Just fill what you like, only drink what you fill ;

You shall be quite at home, take your hat when you please—

You may come with the cloth, and retire with the cheese.

Won't you, won't you, &c.

[*Statue nods—Don Giovanni throws his glove at him.*]

'Tis well—go order supper, and, d'ye hear,

Send for the ladies ; see, the hour draws near—

No time to lose—we'll have such glorious fun—

Be punctual, sir, at half-past twelve for one.

[*Statue nods—exit Don Giovanni, R.*]

*Lep.* Nay, take me with you.

[*Going, R.*]

*Sta.* [*In a tremendous voice.*]

Harkye, Leporello :

Order the ostler, my honest fellow,

To be attentive.

*Lep.* Shall you bring your steed !

*Sta.* No, he'll bring me—make haste.

[*Drum again.*]

*Lep.* I will, indeed !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*An Ante-Chamber.*

*Enter DON GIOVANNI, LEPORELLO, and twelve Ladies, R.*

[*Ceremony of introducing the Ladies to Don Giovanni, in Pantomime—exit Don Giovanni and Ladies, L.—Tune changes to “O the Roast Beef of Old England”—supper carried across by several Servants, from R.—Leporello tastes and examines every dish—at length goes off, L.—A tremendous rattling tune, with drums and noisy instruments—the Statue gallops across on his Pony, towards the supper-room, at full speed, from R. to L.*]

*Enter DON OCTAVIO and Servants, disguised as Furies.*

## RECITATIVE.

*Don O.* We'll give the signal when yourselves you'll show,

And take him to the cellar down below,  
Then leave him in the dark, that we may see  
How Don Giovanni likes his own bad company.

[*Exeunt, &c.*]

SCENE IV.—*A superb Banqueting-Room.*

*DON GIOVANNI and Ladies discovered, at table.*

*Lively Air and Chorus—“Fly not yet,” &c.*

[*During which, Leporello helps himself plentifully to everything, and sits down on a low stool, L.*]

## RECITATIVE.

*Gio.* Why, how the fellow crams!

[*Music plays “Over the Water to Charlie.”*]

*Lep.* I know that tune—

I've heard it at the Surrey.

*Gio.* Saucy loon!

I'll spoil your joking; here, sir, stand behind  
My chair, and sing.

*Lep.* I can't.

*Gio.* Then, sir, d'ye mind,

I'll have you whistle.

*Lep.* Whistle, sir?

[*A loud knock, at R. D.*]

Oh, dear!

Old Stony Batter's coming, I do fear.

[*Knock heard again.*]

He has knock'd twice. [*Knock.*] Again! it must be he.

*Gio.* You stupid booby, take a light and see.

[*Leporello goes reluctantly to R. D.*]

*Enter DONNA ANNA, L.*

*Donna A.* Once more, I come to ask—

*Gio.* Don't ask, my dear,

But drink a bumper. Nay, I do not fear  
Your vixen frowns—there's your old daddy—he  
Did promise that he'd come to sup with me.

“His absence on his promise doth lay blame.”

*Donna A.* You're quite incorrigible, sir—for shame!

And if—

[*A great noise—MUSIC.*]

*Enter LEPORELLO, R. D.*

*Gio.* Why dost thou stare so, fellow.—what dost see?

AIR—LEPORELLO [*Trembling.*]

*Air and grand Chorus from Blue Beard.*

I see him gallopping!

I see him gallopping!

I see him gallopping!

He's nearly at the door!

Now faster gallopping!

Now faster gallopping!

I never saw the like before!

*Chorus.* I see him gallopping, &c.

*The STATUE rides on, R. D.—all run away but Don Giovanni and Leporello, who help the Statue off his steed—a pause—Leporello takes the horse's head—Statue is following Don Giovanni to the table, turns back, and speaks to Leporello.*

*Sta.* Give him a feed of flints, young man.

*Lep.* No beans?

*Sta.* No—a few pebbles.

*Lep.* Water?

*Sta.* No water, not by no means. [*Turns to Don Giovanni.*]

*Lep.* I dare not go, though, till I see how, indeed,  
His “monumental marble jaws” will feed.

DUET—DON GIOVANNI and STATUE.

AIR—“*Peter, Peter, very bad Boy.*”

*Sta.* Don Giovanni, very bad boy!

Don Giovanni, very bad boy!

You go in the cellar, you drink all the wine—

You go in the garret, you kiss all the maids.

*Gio.* Good Statue, forgive me this time.

*Sta.* No, sir—

The bottle's out, your glass is run,  
And here's an end of all your fun!

Twang lango dillo!

Twang lango dillo day!

[*MUSIC.*—*The Statue seizes Don Giovanni by the collar, forces him on a trap, where he is surrounded by the Furies, who enter, headed by DON OCTAVIO, R., and go down the trap with Don Giovanni, in a blaze of red fire—Leporello, seeing this, jumps on the Statue's horse, cries out "Ge ho Vannie!" and gallops off, R.—Ladies, Gentlemen, Donna Anna, Octavio, and Statue, come forward—Statue unites Donna Anna and Don Octavio, and all join in—*

### FINALE—Chorus.

This may, for want of better, be  
As pretty sport as any;  
Then pray, kind patrons, come and see  
Our saucy Don Giovanni!

### DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

*Ladies and Gentlemen.*

*Ladies and Gentlemen*

STATUE.

DON OCTAVIO.

DONNA ANNA

R.]

[L.